AT A SALE OF SEIZED GOODS

BARGAIN HUNTERS IN PLENTY, BUT FEW BARGAINS.

Rush to the Custom House by Eager Women—Mysteries of an Abbreviated Catalogue—Names of Famous French Dressmakers a Factor in the Bidding.

Every once in a while Uncle Sam announces an auction of seized goods at the Custom House. These public sales make only a very small ripple in the Governmental pond except when the goods happen to be feminine wearing apparel. Then what a difference in the morning—no matter how early in the morning the sale may be announced!

At the last sale, for instance, although the newspapers had advertised 10:30 as the hour when the auction would start, at 8 there was a crowd, at 10 a mob, and when the door of the room devoted to civil service examinations, on the third floor, was flung open, there is no adequate word to describe the assemblage.

They poured, a rivulet of people, all over the rectangular space. They stood

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS IN SALES.

on top of the tables, with their heels firmly planted in the holes at the northeast corners usually occupied by the ink bottles of Governmental applicants; they preempted chairs, they formed friezes along the walls, and sat two to a seat, clasping each other's leather belts to keep from falling to the ground.

A day before the sale Fifth avenue dealers and fashionable modistes who were "on" travelled the weary distance to make preliminary examinations so that in the heat and turmoil of the battle they might not lose their sense of locality. This, however, was a comparatively small percentage of the bidding bunch. The majority were in delightful ignorance of the contents of the several trunks and packages and had the air of excitement felt at the auctions of unopened packages by express companies.

The announcements of the auctions and the programmes furnished to the attendant multitude are astutely worded. You scan the four pages closely, but you fail to discover just when the goods landed at the port of New York. It is quite true that after you read in large capitals that there will be sold the contents of one trunk containing forty-nine princess gowns, one trunk containing thirty lace waists, one trunk containing sixty-seven shirt waists and one trunk containing twenty-one shirt waists, you read in smaller type that the goods were "imported by a person or persons whose name or names are to the informant unknown by the steamships Gothland and New York, the same having been forfeited to the United States for violation of the customs laws." You don't grasp the significance of this until, after the auction is over, a woman with several tears in her blue eyes, who has bid recklessly after reading that No. X is a princess gown of lingerie and embroidery, points out to you that the dress is really a model of last season.

As if that wasn't trouble enough, you were held up a minute before by a real nice man who had been sent by his sick wife to bid on something that he thinks will suit her. Several times, he explains, just as he has seen something on the platform that looked suitable and then has attempted to find out about it from the printed line he lost his chance and the dress would go to somebody else.

Of course the initiated may know that "1 pcs. emb. Feh. trg. of Cashmere de Soie Wistaria" may mean a wistaria colored princess gown of silk cashmere embroidered with French trimmings, but how is a mere man to grasp all that?

Inclusive as the descriptions are there is no abbreviation when it comes to the matter of the maker's name. Naturally Uncle Sam does not appreciate the lure of a Parisian modiste to the average woman, but it just happens so that you see in perfectly plain type the words Jeanne Hallée, La Ferrière, Francis, Mlle. Corné, Augustine Thomas, Fournier, Drécoll, Tempier and Rondeau, Paquin and Braunstein. Perish the thought that there is design anywhere except in the gowns. Of course Uncle Sam, who is so particular about the honesty of his children, would not obey the letter of the law and infringe upon the spirit.

It is a very serious occasion, this sale of seized goods. Only once does a real wave of mirth break over the sea of faces; that is when Mr. Shongood, the auctioneer, in a rarely expansive moment

comments on Nos. 170 and 172, which are written about on the programme as "Night Robes, Feh. batiste embd. med. size," and a short young man with a toothy smile and straw hat shrieks out "I'll pay $2.50 for the nightie!" Then even the stout woman who had bet on the "coat not complete moiré silk, lavender," whose proportions would satisfy a woman four inches smaller, and lost it by $1.50, laughs hilariously.

Mr. Shongood himself never loses his imperturbability. Why should he? He doesn't take home a 42 inch gown to a 46 inch wife nor does he run any risk of spending his last allowance of pin money on an outfit that he could duplicate at half the price at a second hand shop on Sixth avenue, but there is one moment when he gets a little peevish. That is when a bid of $18 is made on "a gown of pink lingerie, embd. lace & val.," which he has just announced is worth at least $180. Naturally that would make any auctioneer some suspicious. He gets on the trail without a moment's waste of time and asks peremptorily if that bet was made by Charlie Dugan and if so would Mr. Dugan stand up.

Whoever Dugan is he refuses to make himself unduly conspicuous, and after a second inquiry and a second snort of disgust from the auctioneer as he repeats "eighteen dollars" the bidding begins briskly and proceeds from the disdained amount until it reaches $80, when it is taken possession of by a stout gentleman with a purple tie and a palm leaf fan.

A peculiarity of the French waist is that it is always narrow across the back, and the knowing American buyer who frequents French shops never takes an article of this sort unless she is allowed to slip it on over her own dress to be sure that she can wear it comfortably.

This is the reason why the two fast friends, inevitable attendants at every auction, who get separated in the crowd, who bid briskly against each other and run a $12 waist up to $25 are seen later on in the corridor holding a bunch of lace and chiffon at arms' length and telling what they think of the French figure.

To them another woman unburdens her soul. "The Government makes me tired!" she exclaims. "Seize things like those in there, hold them until they are out of style and let really valuable articles come right in under their—its nose." She looks about cautiously before she continues:

"You know a friend of mine was just about to lock her trunk ready to send it to the steamer when a friend strolled into her room at the hotel in Paris, gave her a small package carefully tied and addressed and said: 'Would you mind mailing this when you get to New York?—a few handkerchiefs I'm sending to a friend in California.' The traveller took it, stuck it down in the boxes and bunches of things, never thought of it again until she was unpacking her trunk at her own home in New York, and coming across it sent the maid out to put it in the mail box. The next time she saw her friend the woman thanked her effusively, told her that the package contained a wedding veil of Venetian point lace which she had purchased from an aristocratic family that was obliged to dispose of its heirlooms and that the duty would have been a ruinous amount."

You return just in time to hear Mr.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT WAIST.

Shongood describe the next garment, aptly verbalized in the catalogue as "1 pcs. Feh. voile, braid and sil. lace emby (Maison Perdous Co.)," as something that can be worn in high society, and when that opportunity fails to elicit the eloquence he expects say a little irritably for so imperturbable a person: "Come, come, ladies, are you dumb?"

"One auction I went to," you hear interpolated at this point by a woman who has been making notes industriously and whom you learn later on is designer for an uptown establishment, "was in the old Custom House and I give my word it was a perfect scream. The trunks just went through the hands of a lot of custom house officials and when the garments were put up for sale it was discovered that there were plenty of skirts and no waists—not a waist in the lot in fact, and nobody ever discovered what became of them; probably the dressmakers got them through in other trunks. I don't know who bid in the skirts; there wasn't much publicity given to the case."

As the atmosphere in the room gets hotter and hotter, the crowds larger, the bidding is more and more brisk. There seems to be no end of people who are interested in the sale of seized goods and if any one thinks he or she is going to get a bargain, disappointment is in store for that optimistic mind. An embroidered waist of linen which through a temporary loophole in the crowd looks as if it might be worth $15 goes for $22, and another of French batiste at a similarly generous premium.

A nearsighted purchaser, after inquiring of the lady who is standing on the table next to him what an "Empire grey" is and learning that the word empire refers not to the shading of the color but to the make of the dress, bids it in for $85 and does not hear the criticism of a smart looking young woman who sniffs at it derisively and says to her escort

THE LURE OF THE WHITE PRINCESS.

that she wouldn't have it for a gift, as it isn't drawn in about the knees.

The goods once seized, it is learned from one of the Government officials, are rarely bought in by the original purchaser, the duties and fines bringing the garments to a prohibitive sum. The purchasers are in nine cases out of ten smaller dealers, dressmakers who desire to use the ideas for models and department store buyers, who display remarkable patience and persistence in getting a bargain. One of this latter class asserted that she had been to the last six sales advertised by the Government and had not yet succeeded in obtaining anything at anywhere near cost price.

After the last purchaser had left the room Col. Story, who has charge of the seizure room, showed a slip of paper with the total of the day's sale, $1,951, which he seemed to consider a very satisfactory morning's work.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

THE HARD LUCK OF TRAMPERS

A Theatrical Manager's Mishaps on the Tank Town Circuit Out West.

"Speaking of hard luck Trampers comes nearer being the original Bolivar than any one trouper I ever heard of," declared the theatrical booking agent. "I have known of shows that stood collectively for hard luck, but when they disbanded and the members signed with other companies they made good and played out the season, proving that the hoodoo wasn't on them as individuals, but on the show.

"With Trampers it's different. He being a manager, anything he has any dealing with is sure to close in a short while.

"He is at liberty since his show closed out on the Western circuit some time ago and he's back in town looking for anything that's doing in his line, but he's got no ginger or grit in him any more. He comes in and tells me some of his troubles since he started out with his show last season.

"It's this way: Trampers was the manager of a barnstorming répertoire company that plays the small tank towns, where the people think 'East Lynne' is one of the latest plays on the boards, and 'Romeo and Juliet' is being tried on the dog. Owing to the lack of proper stage properties and appliances in those jay town houses it takes some time for a scene to be set and between the acts the audience is apt to get restless. So Trampers engaged an olio between the acts.

"One of these feature acts is a juggling stunt, and a performer is a chap I signed with him by the name of Prof. Leonardo. Leonardo could do stunts right along in the vaudeville houses if he'd quit juggling highballs before and after the performance.

"Well, as Trampers tells it, the show opened in a good sized Ohio town with a big house, and it looked as if they'd start for the next town with money in the treasury. The second act of the play went off fine, and while they were waiting for the third and big thrilling act in whatever melodrama they were presenting Leonardo comes on to do his juggling stunt.

"Trampers didn't notice that Leonardo had been tanking up. The professor was a wonder for carrying his bun and concealing it. So he comes on as usual, makes his little bow and spiel, takes up his prop mortar and pestle from the table and starts in.

"'Now, at the start, ladies and gentlemen,' he says, 'I'm going to borrow some gentleman's watch in the audience and give an exhibition of how it is possible to grind it to pieces right before your eyes and reproduce it again good as new. Will some gentleman kindly oblige?'

"It just happens that the Mayor of the town has a front seat. He is a jeweller by trade, and being one of those self-advertising chaps he reaches down in his pocket, digs up a watch, looks around the house to see if everybody is on and hands it up to Leonardo over the footlights.

"'That's a valuable timepiece, professor. Cost me $330 at wholesale, and you must be careful of it,' he says right out loud. 'I guess I can trust you with it all right.'

"Leonardo goes through his stunt, something drops in the mortar and he pounds and jabs at it with the pestle. The audience hears the crunching as he does it.

"'Now, ladies and gents,' Leonardo starts again, 'having smashed the gentleman's watch to pieces I'll proceed to show you how easy it is,' and then he exits quickly to where Trampers is watching him off the stage.

"It takes the audience some little time to understand what the real trouble is, that the magician has got his hands twisted and ground up the real thing instead of the phony watch. When it is understood and Trampers has come out and explained how, owing to the recent sad death of the professor's little boy and only child, and his wife being expected to pass away at any time, being only human the poor fellow has really made the mistake of grinding up the watch, it makes a hit.

"That is, it makes a hit with everybody but the Mayor. He is supposed to be a church deacon or elder or something standing high in religious circles. Trampers says he never heard a boss canvasman of a wild West outfit swear like that fellow did.

"Of course there was nothing to it but to cough up for the timepiece, as Leonardo made a quick getaway. Trampers might have done the same thing only the show was billed for the next night at the same time and he had to face the music.

"He's resourceful though, Trampers is. At the next performance he comes out to make a little speech, asking the audience kindly to contribute to a fund for the burial of the professor's child and the care of his sick wife in the town they played the day before. Some money was got hold of this way, for Trampers is a good talker; but the owner of the watch couldn't be persuaded to take a cent off its value and he wouldn't take back the case, allowing for the gold in it. But what could the manager do?

"Well, the Empire City All Star Stock and Specialty Company quit the town next morning money out of pocket on the engagement. Trampers told me he sort of felt that was the beginning of the hoodoo's work. Later on he knew it.

"In the cast was a young chap of the stage name of Versatelli, the Human Viper. He was one of the most useful members of the company, for besides doing his contortion specialty in green tights with spangles and scales to represent a snake he could fill in in small parts in the regular performance; and there was another stunt he could do that was worth a lot of money to the management.

"Versatelli would get on the train with the rest of the troupe when they were making a jump and smuggle himself under a seat so that the conductor wouldn't see him and collect his fare. Oh, that's nothing new with some of these travelling companies.

"To get back to Trampers: The company boarded the train for a five or six hour jump and Versatelli doubled himself up under a seat all snuglike, intending to slip out when he got the chance; but that conductor was naturally strenuous, or was suspicious of members of fly by night companies. Anyway Trampers gave Versatelli the tip to lie low.

"They'd been riding some time when a big fat guy comes and plumps himself right in the seat under which Versatelli is folded up in a neat package. There's a kind of dull, squashy sound. The fat man jumps up yelling 'Oh! Lord, there's a mad dog under the seat, an' he's bit me!' and kicking and stamping with his feet.

"Versatelli was game, but he couldn't stand for passing in his checks that way, and he begs to have Falstaff lifted off of him. That conductor is passing through investigating; he and the trainman get the contortionist out half dead. Incidental to having to cough up for the fare, Trampers has to arrange to have Versatelli's broken collarbone set and pay the bill, besides losing one of the most valuable members of the cast.

"Just to prove how Trampers was up against it, even outside the perfesh, as well as in it, he tells me of something that happened to him in a town where the show had a three night stand.

"It's a sporty town where anything goes in the way of games of chance, roulette wheel and bank place opening right off the hotel office. He's all right at draw or any old card game. Say he's great in that old time play 'the Phœnix' when he gets off the line. The game is not ended until the cards are all played.

"But the ponies is his failing. When there's a poolroom or a track anywhere around Trampers is there. Well, this town has a poolroom, and he remembers a tip a horse trainer friend gives him.

"'My horse is out to win any time he starts—play him if he's 1,000 to 1,' this horseman tells him, and Trampers knows his tips have proved good before.

"It just happened he drops into this poolroom, accidental like, looks on the board where the entries is chalked up, and he can scarce believe his eyes when he sees the name of the pony his friend has told him about. He sees the odds is fifty to one.

"For a second he thinks he's dreaming, gets down to cases, hurries over to the theatre, gets fifty from the treasurer on the strength of the night performance, and rushes back, getting the money down just as the operator calls out the ponies are at the post. The post odds are sixty to one in place of fifty, so he stands to win $3,000 if his nag comes in first.

"His horse gets off well, he notices, and he had near heart disease when he's leading by a length at the three-quarters and going easy. Trampers says he's thinking what he'll do with all that money if his horse wins; that he'll shake the répertoire business, get a partner to go in with him in a musical comedy that will be sure fire on the Western circuit, and climb on up till he reaches Broadway with a big hit.

"His horse wins, and just as the winner is called and he wakes up he sees the poolroom proprietor talking to some chap and looking over at him. In a minute the man the proprietor is blabbing with makes a quick exit, and Trampers starts up to the cashier to get his dough, wondering if it isn't really all a dream.

"As he stands there something backs up to the entrance and the first thing Trampers knows the room is full of bluecoats and a big husky guy with 'Chief of Police' marked on his cap bellows out that the place is pulled. Two or three are held as witnesses, and the police fan the rest of them, the manager included, out of the poolrooms.

"So he was out the fifty, and the worst was yet to come.

"It seems that an old pal of Trampers with whom he'd started in business had built a good sized theatre in a town of twelve or fifteen thousand. By giving good shows generally and by paying strict attention to the comfort of his patrons the house proprietor had worked up attendance so that from the town itself and the surrounding country he drew a big business. It was practically the only theatre in the town. Ordinarily a répertoire company might make a week's stand there. Being such a good friend of Trampers, the owner of the theatre cancelled other shows and booked him for two solid weeks.

"It was a piece of sentiment that isn't often seen in this business, and Trampers appreciated it. The local manager had interested himself in billing the show so close that Trampers gets a letter saying that the house is all sold out for the first week and that prospects for business for the second is O K.

"The troupe reached the town and the bunch puts up at the classiest hotel. Trampers meets his friend the opera house owner, who shows him what a swell house he owns, and the two have lunch together.

"Afterward the resident manager hires a rig and starts Trampers out for a ride over town, in which he takes great pride. Then they strike up the river and up on the hills back of it, from which a good view can be had of the town itself in the distance.

"It's kind of late when they head homeward. They're on top the hill away back from the town, overlooking it, and the resident manager is talking.

"'That's one of the prettiest views I ever saw,' broke in Trampers suddenly. 'I don't think I ever saw a more vivid sunset effect than that. It's as red as fire.'

"The resident manager takes one long look and whips up the horses.

"'Sunset, h——l!' he yells. 'Not by a long shot! That's my theatre burning up!' So it was. It was cleaned up clear to the ground.

"Well, there wasn't anything to be done after that but disband, and Trampers didn't lose time in doing it.

"He thinks that the hoodoo is on account of his hiring a fellow in an orchestra a season or so ago that played a yellow clarinet, though he didn't discover it for some time. That's sure hard luck in the theatrical biz," ended the booking agent, shaking his head.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN CHILE.

In Which the Limitations of the Native Servant Were Shown.

"The South American servant is usually most considerate of your comfort, but he is not apt to use his brain very much," said John H. Gilmor, an American who has passed most of his life below the equator. "During the earthquake in Santiago de Chile in 1906 my cook refused to go upstairs to help me save some clothes and valuables, but unthinkingly risked her life to get me a bottle of whiskey.

"I was at the Union Club early in the evening of August 16, and some of us were shaking dice for drinks. When the first shock came I, not being used to earthquakes, ran out into the patio. My companions jeered me when I went back to the table. We got busy with the dice again, and pretty soon came the grand shock, that lasted three minutes and forty-seven seconds. There was no jeering this time, but everybody made for the front door.

"My house was about five blocks from the club, but all the lights were out, the streets were pitch dark, and it seemed an hour before I got there, though I was running as hard as I could. There was a light in the dining room, and everything was on the floor. I shouted for my wife, but she, the servants and the dog were gone.

"While I was turning off the gas, Antonia, our cook, who was an Araucanian Indian, came to the front door.

"'Master, for God's sake get out,' she cried.

"She told me that my wife had gone to the Alameda, a wide street some distance away, and would wait for me there.

"It was midwinter and bitterly cold. I ran into the house again and upstairs to get some wraps, and begged Antonia to come with me to help find them and some valuables, but she would not. She ran to the kitchen and fetched a candle and then caught the things as I threw them into the patio. When I got downstairs she had made them all up into a bundle.

"I put on a heavy overcoat, and we started for the Alameda. As I ran I felt something bumping against my legs. I reached into my pocket and drew out a bottle of whiskey. Antonia, though she would not go upstairs, which was fairly safe, had ducked into the bodega or wine closet, the most dangerous sort of place in an earthquake, and dug out the whiskey.

"Everybody in the city who could get there was in the Alameda, and there was such a throng that I could not find my wife. We searched about the spot where Antonia had left her, but there was not a sign.

"We walked about calling her name, but it was not until 2 o'clock in the morning that we found her. Then it was by our little fox terrier's recognizing my voice, and coming and leaping toward me. I found my wife and the other servant sitting on the curb near by. We commandeered a vacant carriage, and my wife and I lived in it for two nights."

Wolf Chase in Texas.

Lawton correspondence Kansas City Star.

Wolf hunting by motor car is a sport peculiar to western Texas and was enjoyed this morning by a party of Wichita Falls, Tex., which was successful in capturing one big black wolf after an exciting chase. Two motors were used, the dogs being carried in the cars until the wolf country was reached.

A NEW LAND OF PROMISE

TOURISTS AND CAPITAL FLOCK TO MANCHURIA.

Dairen, Renamed Dairen, an Object Lesson to Civic Improvement Clubs—Millions in Beans—Pongee for Flying Machines—Railway Equipment.

[illegible] overrunning Manchuria. The grand detour from the [illegible] of the world now is from Japan [illegible] narrow straits to Fusan in [illegible] by train to Seoul, and from [illegible] Yalu River and on to Mukden, [illegible] following in Kuroki's footsteps.

[illegible] American standard gauge [illegible] American cars, locomotives [illegible] all of Corea, and one travels [illegible] to the Yalu's banks. Those [illegible] are lined with the rafts of [illegible] down from the headwaters [illegible] are about to be linked with [illegible] bridge.

[illegible] away," has been renamed [illegible] according to the *National Geographic Magazine* is a wonderful place. [illegible] has felt the touch of Japan[illegible] and sanitary science, while [illegible] movement and the village [illegible] societies may find object [illegible]

[illegible] has changed its face as well as its [illegible] is a city redeemed, where the steam roller has rolled continuously for three years, fast transforming Kwangtung [illegible] and clay bogs into smooth [illegible] A film of green on the [illegible] where afforestation's miracle [illegible] its work.

The Russians left their droskies, the Japanese brought their jinrikishas, and have since provided electric cars more luxurious and up to date than some of the green chariots that are propelled through the streets of Washington.

The Japanese are not pulling the jinrikishas, driving the vehicles or doing any such manual labor in Manchuria. They are the employers of labor, and labor in unlimited supply comes over from Chefoo.

Fifty thousand husky Shantung coolies cross over this land of silver and opportunity as to a lesser America each year and return after the harvest is gathered and outdoor work is suspended for the winter.

Dairen is a city of experts—of high priced experts and specialists in all technical lines—and nearly all of them are graduates of American institutions. Brick works, cement works, mills and factories fringe the town, and a bank gives all the marble and mosaic, black iron and plate glass a depositor is supposed to want.

A Japanese laboratory at Dairen is always discovering something for the benefit of Manchuria. The insatiable young scientists and technologists assure one that after beans wild silk or pongee is the future great crop of Manchuria.

The silk worms, fed on the leaves of oak trees instead of mulberry, produce the thread for pongee or tussur silk. Besides the steadily increasing demand for pongee as clothing in China, Europe and America pongee is the best material for the wings of flying machines and the bodies of dirigibles.

The Chefoo market was stripped last year after the great flight of the aeroplane across the English Channel. As the world may be flying on wings of pongee in a few years it becomes a matter of interest that the supply of pongee should be increased.

Beans are the great crop, however, and by beans alone Manchuria could live and supply the world. The bean plant should be the crest, the symbol, the coat of arms of Manchuria. Along with the banana and after the kaoliang, or giant millet, beans are the most prolific crop. Thirty varieties grow in Manchuria. They have always been sent by tons by junks to south China for food, fertilizing and illuminating, and a little to Japan.

After the China-Japan war of 1895, when the Japanese commissariat learned their value for man and beast and crops, the exportation to Japan increased three times, replacing fortunately the failures in the herring fishery that year as a fertilizer. General export continued to increase until in 1899 beans, bean cake and bean oil were exported to the value of $12,000,000, and in 1909 the value was nearly $75,000,000.

Dairen harbor was crowded all last winter with waiting ships. One hundred ships at a time lay at anchor waiting their turns, ten at a time, at the stone quays, and loading went on day and night.

The beans when ground and pressed yield 10 per cent. of oil, and the refuse compressed into great cartwheel cakes weighing sixty pounds and more provides the best of all fertilizers for the rice fields of Japan and the sugar fields of Formosa, the Philippines and even Java.

The beans are converted into soy and bean curd in both Japan and China and furnish those two popular articles of food—soy, the dark brown, pungent sauce resulting from a fermentation of bean dough. This bean soy is sent to England and America by the shipload, and when treated with cayenne pepper becomes the familiar red labelled Worcestershire sauce.

Bean curd or bean cheese is a common and nourishing article of food, popular with all the people, and is a clean and attractive looking dish. The Japanese with their mania for investigation and analysis have found that the liquid left from making the bean curd and which used to be thrown away has the same chemical value as milk and is of course many times cheaper.

Europe at present uses the beans for making candles, soap and dog biscuits and as an adulterant for other flours. The oil is a substitute for olive oil that threatens to displace the cottonseed imitation of olive oil.

The poppy fields of Manchuria, covered for solid acres with billows of soft pink or white blossoms, are more beautiful than the tulip fields of Holland, but with the growing moral sense and the rule of reform the poppy must now disappear, and the ground will be given up to the harmless and profitable soy bean.

As one journeys across the prairies of Manchuria no sign of war remains. As far as one sees are luxuriant fields of beans and sorghum and newly built houses, the very newness of their mud walls significant of the utter waste and desolation left on that same plain when the two armies had gone by. In such vast levels one cannot understand how any one could know, not seeing, where the battle was going on or what the combatants were doing, a battlefield of all out doors, with no strategic point greater than a gully.

The new tenants, or rather the old tenants, on their return cleaned and tidied Port Arthur, paved the streets and made the place a model of sanitation and order. Every wreck has been raised and sold, every bit of scrap iron dredged up from the harbor, every fragment of the dead interred with honor.

Port Arthur affords a day or two of the most tragic sightseeing one can endure. A good carriage road connects all the dismantled forts and another leads to the Two Hundred and Three Meter Hill. A great mortuary temple has been built to the spirits of the dead on the high hill facing the harbor entrance and also a great column to their memory built with the granite blocks taken from the blockading ships which Hirose and his fellows sunk at the harbor entrance. They had ballasted their ships with their own tombstones.

The South Manchurian Railway was only a track without bridges or rolling stock when the Japanese acquired it as almost the only prize of the war. They floated a loan of $100,000,000 at 5 per cent. and double tracked the road with steel rails from Pittsburg, equipped it with locomotives from Philadelphia, Pullman cars from Chicago and spent many more millions in the purchase of railway materials in America, as they are again about to do for the Antung-Mukden Railway.

Besides paying 5 per cent. interest on this loan and 6 per cent. on the stock the South Manchurian Railway reaps a surplus each year. Receipts are increasing by leaps and bounds, partly owing to the wonderful bean trade and to the opening and working of more and more coal mines, coal that is said to be second only to Cardiff in quality.

SELECTING WOODS.

Microscopes Now Used for Examination of Specimens of Timber.

From the Scientific American.

Not very long ago timber was selected entirely according to its external appearance. The diameter and length of the piece, the straightness of grain, sometimes the weight, sufficed to determine both its commercial value and its destination. At that time on account of the difficulty of transportation woods of local origin were almost exclusively employed. It is very different nowadays.

With the increase in consumption and the decrease in the local production of wood it has become necessary to transport timber of every variety and of many places of origin. Furthermore, the diversified industries of the present day require a corresponding diversity in the wood employed. For one purpose the important quality is hardness; for another, elasticity; for a third, ease of working, or resistance to attack by external agencies. It is evident that very different qualities are required for an umbrella handle, a barrel stave, a billiard cue, a carriage frame, &c.

The hand magnifying glass, which was first employed, has ceased to suffice for the exact determination of the structure of the wood. The compound microscope is now used for the minute and careful examination of longitudinal and transverse sections of a specimen of timber the commercial value and the proper industrial employment of which it is desired to determine. Fine grain and thick walled cells assure the solidity and resistance which are required in carpentry, and these are incompatible with an abundance of parenchymatous tissue filled with starch.